

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

One Gallant Female Soldier

By ADA PATTERSON.

This morning I saw a gallant soldier. In uniform, and in line of battle? Yes. She was sitting on the broad piazza of her comfortable home, her fine sweet face framed in autumn tinted ivy leaves that veiled her retreat, her thick curling hair, white as the snows of Christmas, her sturdy figure wrapped in a purple frock and a shawl of soft white wool. She looked comfortable and prosperous and at peace, but there was that in her blue eyes turned frankly upon me that reminded me of a war dispatch I and all the rest of the world had read that day.



There is no doubt in the minds of the ministry of our financial success. Every engagement in which the enemy suffers losses only weakens him the more. The enemy are far from their main base. We have been brought closer to ours by falling back on our own soil. We are content. We remain on the defensive for the present, but our time is coming.

What had the little woman with the snow-colored hair to do with this war dispatch? Everything. You see I know her life.

"Like the minister of war who issued the bulletin to his nation, the keynote of her character has always been hope. There is no doubt in our minds of final success," said the war minister. "I am perfectly sure that everything will come out right in the end," the little woman had been saying every day of her talking life. So she went splendidly on, her undaunted spirit shining in her eyes, while she and her husband fought poverty; while they wrestled with the forces that were seeking to destroy the young man who was their son; while their daughter manifested the same wildness that was near to placing the son in the taming institution of a penitentiary. There were years of war with allied enemies of poverty and disgrace. The engagements were often losing ones for them, but they kept on fighting.

Like the minister of war who has been quoted, she was a philosopher. She found refuge from heart break in reasoning. Sooner or later her husband's business talents and his hard work will win, she reasoned. No one ever starved who kept on working and no one finally failed who persevered. And of the children she would say: They have fine minds. Their minds will tell them of the folly of the frivolous life. They will see that they are wrong. Their father's words and mine will echo in their minds. Any day they may realize their truth. "The small female soldier's view of her own campaign was like that of the minister of war, but couched in her own terms.

"Every engagement in which the enemy suffers losses only weakens him the more. The enemy are far from their main base of supplies and ammunition. We are brought closer to ours by falling back on our own soil."

So the war minister and thus the little woman warrior. "Jack will find that his wild friends will desert him when he is in trouble. Marie will see how heartless her frivolous friends are. Her home is waiting for them here. They will come back to it." Both the minister of war and the warrior woman displayed their practical habit of vision instead of hysterical view of their problems. "We are content to remain on the defensive for the present," was the message of the minister. "I will not weary the children with my tears and prayers," said the little mother. "I will wait and play in silence."

"Our time is coming," said the minister. "Are you not anxious about Jack being in the city alone so young? There are so many temptations for a young man in the city." I heard a blunt-tongued friend ask her. The little woman looked at the son who was home on a vacation and answered: "I am sure my son will be a credit to himself and us."

His sullen face brightened at her words. At all events mother believed in him. That was something. On the firing line when he went back to the city he remembered. The memory helped him in the fight.

The woman's husband struggled into competence and security. The minds of her children triumphed over the material jures of the city. Her daughter came

home and married the mayor. The son became the leading banker. Just now her family is anxious about her health. They fear that her other battles won, she may slip away from them soon to that state where there is no warfare and where peace forever reigns. But despite what the family physician says, I believe she will remain long on life's battle line. For the martial spirit is undimmed in her eyes.

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Little Mary's Essays

Tears, Their Uses and Abuses

By DOROTHY DIX.

Tears is what you do to folks when you ain't big and strong enough to fight 'em.

Also tears is what you do when you are terrible angry and disson't say the things you are thinking because you're a perfect lady.

When ladies weep they make a noise that sounds like DAMN, Damn, damn, d-a-m-n.

When a man gets angry he can cuss and throw things around, but all that a lady can do is to burst into tears and slam the door behind her. It means the same thing, only when a man cusses he has to apologize and say he was sorry he lost his temper, but if a woman will just keep on crying the man will call her pet names and say he was a brute.

I know, because that is the way that my papa and my mama do. When I grow up and get married I am going to be the champion long-distance weeper.

My teacher says that there is no power stronger than hydraulic pressure. I guess that is why so many husbands look as if they had been flattened out.

Tears are most profitable to a woman. It is the easiest way for her to get what she wants, because if you will just sit down and howl for a thing somebody will give it to you to make you shut up. I know, because I have tried it.

And, when you are arguing a thing and get in a hole where you cannot think of anything more to say, you can win out by beginning to sniffle into your pocket handkerchief.

"A Fall Pippin!" By Nell Brinkley



Not a "King-pippin"—a Queen-pippin this is—grown right in town in the deep canons between the sky-scrappers—and a chap doesn't have to take the trail to the deep country-places where the apple harvest is heaped under the old gray trees and look over a worm-fence to see one!—NEILL BRINKLEY.

Girls and Gratitude

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Gratitude is one of the strangest qualities in all the world. Men are seldom grateful enough to women and women are far too grateful to men.

Now, a little gratitude is a charming thing. It means a proper appreciation of benefits received. But gratitude carried too far means fulsome flattery, weak-kneed worship of some one who once was kind and servile putting up with any sort of present attitude because of past favors.

There are girls who, if a man asks them for a dance, have the air of being as grateful as if he had given them his last crust to save them from starvation.

There are girls who have no idea in their heads except to follow the other girls and help pamper the conceited "lady-killer" men who think they are so irresistible that, of course, every girl is after them. They put up with men who have a lordly air of conferring a favor by noticing them.

The girl who desires popularity must take the little level of gratitude and reverse its action. Here is a rule for you, Miss Would-be Popular. Make your favors felt by giving them to the really capital fellows who are not surfeited with feminine worship.

Mystery of Diamonds

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What are diamonds made from? How are they made? Is it possible to make them artificially, and if not, why?"—G. M. S.

Diamonds are made of pure carbon—but so are charcoal and plumbago. These three substances are three brothers, all of absolutely the same blood, but so unlike one another in physical appearance and condition that only a chemical analysis is able to establish their relationship or identity.



Diamonds are formed by the crystallization of carbon in what mineralogists call the "monoclinic" or cubic system. This is a mere descriptive term, and does not imply any knowledge on our part of the reason why nature causes different kinds of substances to crystallize in different forms, nor, indeed, why she makes crystals at all.

A crystal is a definite geometric form (such as a cube, a hexagon or a rhomb), which many kinds of pure matter assume when left to solidify out of solution. There is some force affecting the molecules of those substances which causes them, when they are free, to yield to it, to arrange themselves in accordance with a fixed scheme, the geometric plan differing with different substances.

We can see the formation of crystals when we allow a solution of salt or of sugar or of alum to evaporate. But we do not know how nature proceeds in making all of her crystals—and, particularly, we do not know for certain (though some shrewd guesses have been made) how she crystallizes her diamonds.

It is possible to make diamonds artificially, and the thing has been done. But we are not perfectly sure that our way of making diamonds is the same as nature's way, and, in any event, our diamonds, made artificially, can in no way compete with hers. They are three pin-points in size, and they lack the brilliance of native diamonds. Still, they are, in essence, real diamonds and not imitations. Whether we shall ever be able to make them as large and as splendid as nature does is a question that remains to be answered by chemists.

The fundamental form of a native diamond crystal is that of an octahedron (eight-sided solid), or some modification of the octahedral form. It is transparent when the outside crust has been removed, and is the hardest substance known. It also possesses a most extraordinary power of refracting or bending the light rays that enter it. This is the cause of the extreme brilliance of the diamond, and of its marvelous display of flashing prismatic colors.

The minute artificial diamonds that have been made are produced by dissolving ordinary carbon, such as charcoal, in melted iron and then pouring the mixture into a mold and chilling it rapidly by immersion in cold water. The swift contraction of the chilled surface of the iron causes an intense pressure upon the still liquid interior, and as the core gradually solidifies, under the compression, the carbon is deposited, mostly as in the form of graphite, or plumbago, but a small quantity assumes the form of tiny crystals of diamond.

Inasmuch as the diamonds of South Africa are found in what are believed to be the choked-up throats of ancient volcanoes, it has been assumed that nature formed them there somewhat in the same way in which artificial diamonds are made, viz.: by the crystallization of carbon dissolved in volcanic lava, and cooled under great pressure.

But, if this be true, a volcano is a laboratory so vastly exceeding the greatest that we possess, in resources and control of forces, that chemists have not much hope, at present, of being able to break nature's monopoly of diamond casting.

is one thing which stands in the way of my happiness. This girl is very extravagant, and always dressed up-to-date, and I know she could not be satisfied with much less. And as I am earning a very small salary I am sure I could never give her all she has at present. Do you think she would be my proper mate in life, or would you advise me to give up her friendship entirely.

Many an extravagant and luxurious girl gladly resigns her fineries for the sake of a man she truly loves. And what is more, such a girl is so often better able to "do without" than a girl who never has had any of the pretties you think mean so much to the girl you love. Tell her frankly what your income is, and ask her if she feels that she would be happy working up in the world with you instead of starting at the top with some other chap.

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Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Foolish Infatuation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What do you think of a young man of 19, who, after meeting a girl of 16, twice and being presumably impressed with her charms and loveliness, asks her to marry him in a different city and keep the marriage a secret? Is this true love? If not, what is it, and how would you advise the girl to treat him? The girl is a friend to this boy's sister and takes no great interest in him.

A FRIEND.

This boy of 19 is foolishly and dangerously infatuated with a mere child. I am glad she is not silly enough to be lured into taking a step that would probably ruin her life. A man who asked a girl to do such a thing would be a cad and perhaps a villain—a boy who suggests it is only a dangerously foolish child. I strongly advise the girl to have nothing to do with him.

Ask Her if She Will Be Satisfied with What You Can Give.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady for the last ten months. I like this girl very much and would like her to be my wife some time in the near future. But there